

THE LADIES' PEARL.

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For the Ladies' Pearl.

A HOME IN THE WILDERNESS.

—
BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.
—

'The time of hearth-light and of song
Returns and ye are gone!'

Mrs. Hemans.

In 1622, a short time after Gorges and Mason had received from the council of Plymouth a grant of the territory lying between the rivers Merrimack and Kennebeck, prompted by a spirit of enterprise and love of adventure, a young man by the name of Windham, together with Lionel Vines, a youthful associate, obtained leave to start on an exploring expedition for the purpose of selecting some spot suitable for the commencement of a settlement.

It was a fine spring morning that Windham took leave of his young wife and Eleanor, his sister, and with his axe, his gun and knapsack, commenced his journey in the wilderness. About sunrise, he reached the residence of his friend, whom he found ready to join him. It was near the close of the third day after they left their homes, that they found themselves in a beautiful valley on the shores of the Merrimack. Here they cooked their supper of wild game, of which they partook seated on the turf beneath a majestic oak, amid the half-expanded foliage of which a blue-bird was pouring forth a strain of rich, wild melody. Nothing could be lovelier than this sequestered spot. The noble river pur-

suing its untiring course towards the ocean, now brilliant with the slanting sunbeams, lay like a belt of burnished gold a few rods distant from their feet. Behind them was a range of lofty hills, yet of such gentle and easy descent, that they melted imperceptibly into the green valley which they sheltered. On the right, the valley was lost to the eye as it followed the bend of the river, while on the left the view was bounded by one of those majestic forests that have since fallen like the race that roamed through their dim and solitary paths, which, as the breeze freshened mingled its deep and solemn voice with the murmur of the waves.

Their simple repast finished, they knelt upon the green sward, and Windham, in a voice clear and deep, implored the protection of the Most High. It was the first prayer from the lips of the white man, that had ever broken the silence of that sweet and lonely valley, or that had ever stolen over the calm, blue waters that slept at its foot. When they rose, the last vestige of day had faded from the west, and the starry host were looking down upon them with soft and unclouded splendor.

'We will make this spot our home,' said Windham, 'we shall never find a more beautiful.'

They slept soundly beneath the shelter of some boughs which they arranged above them, and rising with the dawn, immediately commenced felling trees.—

They wrought with diligence and despatch, and in a few days a rustic dwelling marked the spot where they partook of their first meal, and where they enjoyed their first night's repose.

Eleanor Windham had since her brother's marriage, resided in his family. One afternoon, during his absence, Mrs Windham went to visit their nearest neighbor, who lived about half a mile distant.—Eleanor, who was left entirely alone, was busily engaged in the useful and healthful employment of spinning, when hearing footsteps, she looked round and beheld a tall, noble looking Indian just entering the outer door. At sight of him, a thrill of fear ran through her frame, but checking her alarm, she invited him to be seated. He complied, and complaining of thirst, requested a draught of water. She not only gave him water, but food. When he rose to depart,

'Attawatan,' said he, 'will remember the Young Dove that flew not at his approach.'

He lingered at the threshold, bent on her one long and intense look, and then waving his hand as gracefully as if he had been bred a courtier instead of a savage, he turned and walked hastily away.

Four years had passed away, and Windham with his wife and child and his sister Eleanor, had long dwelt in the lonely habitation which he had raised in the wilderness. There was not another human being, save now and then an Indian who called when passing in that direction, with whom they could hold intercourse, but they were rich in those home affections and sympathies, which when brought into play draw music from the heart's deepest and sweetest chords. It had been the intention of Lionel Vines, who had assisted his friend to construct his dwelling, and who was betrothed to Eleanor, to be immediately married and to make his home in the same beautiful

valley, but an obsolete title to a great part of the province over which his father had been appointed governor having been revived, the latter resigned his office, and with his family removed to the island of Barbadoes. The son would not forsake his father in his hour of trial, and accompanied him to his distant home.

The hand of taste and cultivation, as well as of nature, had now spread beauty over the valley. Beautiful and sweet-scented plants and flowers bloomed round the house, and many a lovely and lonely nook was flushed with those humbler blooms indigenous to the soil, while the eye could already trace the graceful windings of paths imprinted on the smooth green, and diverging in different directions from the door. One led to a favorite retreat in the forest, one to the brink of the river, and another, more distinctly traced than either, to a sparkling spring that gushed from the hill-side. The lowing of the herd too, and the bleating of the flock blended with the lonely cry of the water-fowl and the melodious songs of the birds. Nor did Windham forget, according to the custom of his fathers, to raise the family altar in their solitary abode; and the one deep and fervent voice that rose above the cheerful sounds of the morning, or broke the stillness of the evening, seemed ever to breathe a more solemn and heartfelt appeal, than when their habitation had been amid the haunts of men; while the voices of husband, wife and sister as they sang together their evening hymn, floated on the silent air with a ravishing and inspiring harmony that softened while it exalted the affections of the heart.

One evening, at a later hour than was his custom, Windham, who had been out with his gun on a hunting expedition, returned empty-handed. His wife and sister perceived that there was gloom on his brow, and he made no allusion to the adventures of the day. When they

pressed him to inform them why he appeared thus, he with some reluctance told them that having shot a deer, at the moment the animal fell, he perceived at a little distance an Indian, who had evidently been aiming an arrow at the victim. The Indian was unknown to him, but by his dress he knew him to be a chief. He immediately approached him, that he might by offering him the prey propitiate his clemency, for he found that by the scowl on his brow and the fiery flashing of his eyes, that his anger was roused. Windham begged him to accept the deer, but he refused with the bitterest scorn. The utmost he could be persuaded to, was to permit some of the inferior members of the tribe who attended him to share the animal among them. 'The words of revenge were on the lips of the proud chief,' said Windham, 'as he strode haughtily away, and he is of a race hard to be appeased.'

Time passed on, but they neither heard or saw aught of the haughty chief. Their fears gradually subsided, and, at length, they almost ceased to remember the incident that had awakened such deep alarm. Windham no longer forebore to occasionally shoulder his rifle and venture from home in pursuit of game, and his wife and sister, possessing much of the fearless and heroic spirit kindled and nursed by those scenes of danger with which from their infancy they had been more or less familiar, never made any effort to dissuade him from leaving them by themselves.

It was now near the close of summer, and one bright morning when the air, though without its frostiness, had the same bracing and spirit-stirring effect common in autumn, Windham left home for a longer excursion than usual, telling his wife and sister, that as there was a full moon, they need not expect him till late in the evening.

The sun was near setting, and having

partaken of their evening meal, Mrs Windham and Eleanor, each taking a hand of little Harry, wandered to the banks of the river to see if Windham were yet in sight. He had crossed the stream in a light canoe constructed in the Indian fashion, and they could discern it on the opposite side secured to a tree, which grew near the water's edge. The evening was calm and peaceful, as the morning had been bright and invigorating. The smooth surface of the river was scarcely broken by a ripple, and the gorgeous clouds which lay piled in the west, were as motionless as the distant hill-tops, on which they seemed reposing. Leaving the shore, they ascended a hill which commanded a more extensive prospect. They, as yet, felt no anxiety on Windham's account, for they could hardly expect him so soon, and seating themselves on a rock, while little Harry amused himself with gathering the columbines that grew round its edge, they conversed of former days and of the absent and the loved. Suddenly a wild, shrill whoop broke the silence which reigned around.

Mrs Windham and Eleanor instantly started to their feet, and the mother taking her child in her arms, they hurried down the hill, at the same time looking wildly round for some spot that might afford them a chance of concealment.—

The woods might have sheltered them, but from thence came the wild and startling cry of their foes. Another whoop, louder and shriller than before, now reechoed through the valley, and at the same time a party of Indians emerging from their covert, started in pursuit of the affrighted females and the helpless child. Not knowing whither to go, they directed their steps towards the house with the half-formed purpose of barricading the doors and windows. Could they have effected this, it would only have delayed their fate, but the Indians were at the door almost as soon as themselves.—

Eager for pillage they commenced collecting whatever they deemed valuable. While they were thus engaged, Eleanor whispered to her sister, telling her that she was going to make an effort to escape, and advised her to imitate her example. She then pointed out a cluster of trees at a short distance, the thick underwood of which she thought might afford the means of concealment, but Mrs Windham imagining that the attempt must prove futile and only exasperate the Indians, refused to listen to her proposal. When Eleanor found that she was determined to remain, she at first resolved to stay, and share the fate of the mother and child, whether captivity or death.—Should it prove to be the former, she on reflection thought that could she, herself, be able to escape, on the return of her brother, they might form some plan for their rescue. Taking a course, where part of the distance she would be screened by the barn, she darted away with the fleetness of a fawn, and in a few moments was crouching in the midst of the thick bushes that grew among the trees.—Though effectually concealed from the view of any person who might pass that way, there were apertures sufficiently large to enable her to perceive all that passed near the house. To collect the few articles light enough for transportation, was no tedious task, and Eleanor soon saw them issue from the door and gather round Mrs Windham and the child. She imagined, by their angry and threatening gestures they were speaking of herself, and she was confirmed in this conjecture when she saw her sister point towards the river. Instantly two of them started forward in the direction Mrs Windham had pointed out, uttering a savage yell of exultation, probably feeling sure that she could not escape them.—Others commenced searching nearer the house, and Eleanor's feelings may be imagined when she saw them approach-

ing the thicket where she was concealed. A bent twig, a crushed leaf, the grass retaining the recent pressure of her feet,—one or all of these might betray her hiding place. When within half a rod of her, some alders which deeply fringed the margin of the river attracted their attention, and imagining that they would afford an attractive place of refuge, they bent their steps towards them. Eleanor, whose fears for her own safety were now measurably relieved, again turned her attention to her sister, who sat with little Harry in her lap, with one of the Indians stationed near them as a guard. They relinquished not their search till the evening shadows began to fall dimly around, and when they repassed her place of concealment, although the moon was shining in unclouded splendor, those slight signs which might have betrayed her, were no longer visible. Having all assembled near the house, they drew closely together, apparently in consultation. This was a fearful moment, for they were deciding relative to the fate of the mother and child. In a short time, one of the number approached them. The moonbeams fell brightly on the spot where they sat, and as the terror-stricken boy hid his face in the folds of his mother's dress, Eleanor could scarcely forbear veiling her own sight, lest she should behold the gleaming of the uplifted tomahawk. But she was spared the agony of those so dear to her being slain before her eyes. Mrs Windham rose with her child in her arms. The Indians then arranging themselves round them proceeded briskly towards the woods, and were soon buried in their gloomy recesses from the view of the unhappy Eleanor.

One of the Indians, who had been struck with Eleanor's beauty, was still resolved to secure her. In pursuance of this determination, he fell back from the rest of the party, intending to linger in the skirts of the forest, till she had prob-

ably left her hiding place and returned to the house. But Eleanor's first object was to hasten to the river to see if there were any signs of her brother's return.—

All was silent and tranquil. Here and there, the moonbeams broken by the ripple of the waves emitted a sparkling resplendence in fine contrast with the more general aspect of the river, which smooth and glassy mirrored each star, as one by one they awoke and looked down from their azure homes. One star, softer and more brilliant than the rest, which as she gazed seemed floating like a golden shallop along the southern hemisphere, she had often imagined illumined the island home of Lionel. It was a wild fancy—and lovers' fancies are often so—but as she stood on the lonely shore with no one near, it seemed to her that this star was a bond of union between them. As she indulged in this imagination, the deep repose that brooded around stilled the wild tumult of her own spirit, and as she lifted her thoughts to Him who 'spreadeth out the heavens,' she was enabled to say, *Thy will be done*. The hush of the waves still remained unbroken by the dip of her brother's oars, and she was about to return to the house, when she saw some one moving stealthily along, half-concealed by the shadow of some rocks that lay near the shore. She was herself partially screened by the shade of two or three small birches, and without daring to move, she watched the cowering form as it drew nearer to the spot where she stood, uncertain whether she were discovered or not. The range of rocks did not terminate until within a short distance of the place where she was standing, and the person, whoever it might be, seemed determined to screen himself by their shade till the last moment. He emerged at last into the open moonlight, and Eleanor beheld the tall form of the Indian whom she had remarked as being more eager than his companions in searching

for her. At this moment the breeze freshened and fluttered her white lawn apron. It was the means of discovering her to him, and with a wild cry of exultation he bounded towards her. He was almost at her side, when something like the swift pinion of a bird came whirring through the air. Suddenly the Indian leaped several feet from the ground, uttered a cry far more wild and piercing than before, then fell at her feet dead.—An arrow had been driven quite through his brain. Before Eleanor could make any attempt to leave the spot, another tall form stood revealed in the moonlight, and she instantly recognized the chief to whom she once gave food and drink.

'Young Dove,' said he, 'fear not.—Since thou gavest Attawatan water to cool his parched lips, and meat to strengthen his weary frame, whenever he lay himself down on the lonely hunting-ground and looked up to the sky and beheld the stars, thy form would come between him and them, and there was brightness and beauty in them no more, and when sleep came upon him, thou wert with him in his dreams more beautiful than the bright cloud of sunset when it fashions itself into the shape of one of those radiant messengers that minister to those who have done good on earth, when they dwell in the land of souls. Has the Young Dove ever thought kindly of Attawatan?'

'Yes, kindly; but before she beheld Attawatan, there was another who was to her like the bright cloud which he sees in his dreams.'

'It is well: Attawatan can die, but he will not take the Young Dove to his wigwam if her heart resteth in the bosom of another. Attawatan will return, but there will be no sweet voice to search out the melodies of his heart, that gush forth like the voices of many birds at the sound of hers.'

Stooping down, he tore the feather

from the arrow which had wafted it with unerring aim to the brain of the prostrate Indian.

'When the Young Dove looks on this,' said he, 'she will remember that Attawatan saved her. Take it: it is all that he asks.'

Eleanor took the feather, but could not prevent a shudder, as brushing lightly against the hand she held out to receive it, it left upon it a crimson streak.

The plash of oars could now be distinctly heard, and a boat descried rapidly approaching the shore. Eleanor rushed to the water's edge, and met Windham as he stepped from the boat.

'Ah, my brother!' said she, 'you have returned to a desolate home:' and in hurried words, that fell on his ear like a death-knell, she told him of his bereavement.

'I will pursue them,' said Windham, 'and rescue my wife and child, or die in the attempt.'

'Thy red brother will go with thee,' said Attawatan, 'he knows where their hunting-paths lie.'

They returned to the deserted cabin. Windham buckled a short sword to his side, which had escaped the search of the Indians, and with a brace of pistols in his belt and his gun on his shoulder, which had formed his morning equipment, he was ready to follow his guide.

'Fear not, Eleanor,' said he, as he turned to leave her: 'I trust that we soon shall be all happy together.'

The chief too, turned and addressed her.

'Should the Young Dove's brother return no more,' said he, 'Attawatan will come back and guide her to the wigwams of the pale faces. He will be her brother. Attawatan's word is good.'

Having said thus, he strode forward with a stately step, and preceding the impatient Windham, led the way to the forest. We will not accompany them through all their wild and devious paths.

Attawatan never for a moment appeared to be at a loss as to the course they should take. It was not until the east wore the ruddy flush of dawn, that he stopped and seemed to hesitate.

'The party divided here,' said he, 'and took different paths. One division took that which lies before us, the other turned to the left—which shall we take?'

'Tell me if you can, which path the captives took.'

Attawatan bent down and minutely examined them both.

'The foot-prints of the pale face,' said he, 'are on the path before us. They turn not inward like the tracks of the red skin.'

'The child's—can you discern them?'

'No, they must have borne him in their arms. Let us hasten to overtake them before they reach their hunting grounds, or the bows of many will be bent against us.'

They had proceeded but a short distance, when Windham's guide requested him to remain where he was, telling him that he would advance alone in order to reconnoitre, as they had now nearly reached a place watered by a clear brook where the Indians would be likely to remain a short time to rest and refresh themselves. He soon returned, and saying, 'they are there,' told Windham to follow him, cautioning him, at the same time, against making the least noise. Having crept to an eminence screened by some bushes, they could look down into a small hollow or glen, where three Indians seated beside a brook, were regaling themselves with food, which the evening previous had been placed on the table for Windham's supper. At a little distance sat Mrs. Windham with her head bent forward, and her face buried in her hands, but little Harry was no where to be seen.

The green hollow flushed with flowers, the clear brook that mingled its murmurs

with the song of the birds, the half-reclining forms of the Indians, and the one lonely female who sat apart absorbed in her own deep sorrow, with the morning sunlight just breaking over the whole, formed a picture, on which the eye of one whose heart was at rest, might long have lingered with delight.

'Aim at him, who sits nearest the willows,' softly whispered Attawatan, in Windham's ear,—*'I will take care of him who is nearest her,'*—and at the same instant the bullet and the arrow did their work. The remaining Indian sprang wildly to his feet, but a second arrow was sped by the unerring hand of Attawatan, and he fell beside his companions.

Mrs. Windham, who at the report of the gun, looked up, beheld her husband running to meet her before she had power to rise.

'We have saved you, Mary,' said he, but where is our child?'

'Their captors,' she said, as Attawatan had already ascertained, separated at the juncture of the two paths, and regardless of her entreaties, those who took the left hand path carried the child with them, intending to present him to a neighboring tribe with whom they had recently entered into alliance.

Having succeeded in swallowing a few mouthfuls of the provision strown upon the grass, the heart-stricken parents commenced their homeward journey, Attawatan voluntarily accompanying them. When they came to the place where the two paths met, he turned to them and said, 'go home—Attawatan will restore the stolen bird to its nest, for no cloud must hang over the spot where dwells the Young Dove. Go home, and in peace wait for the coming of Attawatan. His promise is good.'

Days, weeks, even months rolled away, and Attawatan came not to the lonely habitation in the wilderness. Windham

had several times ventured on long excursions, in the hope of finding some trace of his captive child, but they all proved vain. The distress of the parents and of Eleanor, whose affection for him was scarcely less fervent than theirs, grew more intense as the hope of his being restored to them gradually faded.

The last mellow light of a fine day in autumn was gleaming on the verdant hills and through the openings of many a shady covert. The forest began to display a few of those gorgeous tints which the first touches of decay spread over the foliage, and the breeze, though bland as that of summer, seemed to have a tone of sadness in its voice.

Windham, his wife, and Eleanor commenced singing together their evening hymn, but memories of her lost boy, who used at those seasons to nestle closely to her side and blend his clear, bird-like notes with theirs, came over the mother's heart, and her voice broken at first by low sobs, at length ceased. So deeply absorbed were they all, that they saw not the tall form that stood at the threshold, waiting for the hymn to close. When the last note had died away, Attawatan entered. A child*folded gently in his arms was in a deep and quiet sleep. His golden hair lay in silken clusters against the dark breast of the Indian, and his dimpled hand held the edge of the mantle that fell over his shoulders with a light grasp. Attawatan had just resigned him to the embrace of his parents, when another, who had been long absent, entered unperceived among them. Eleanor heard her name pronounced by a well-known voice, and turning, she beheld Lionel Vines. He had come to return no more.

When the genial breath of spring again passed over the earth, it spread verdure and flowers round another rustic lodge in the valley—the humble but hap-

py home of Lionel Vines and his bride,
where Attawatan was an ever welcome
and not an unhappy guest.

THE APOLOGY.

To a lady, on being prevented from attending
her Birth-Night Ball.

BY ROSWELL PARK.

'Et moriens, dulces reminiscitur Argos.'

Lady, since Fate's austere behest
Forbids thy friend to be thy guest,
To mingle with the festal throng,
Or twine the dance, or list the song ;
This note, vicarious, presents
An absentee's kind compliments,
And tenders thee a simple lay,
In honor of thy natal day.

Thy halls, this eve, are glitt'ring bright ;
Thy heart is throbbing with delight.
The young, the gay, the fond and fair,
In buoyant hope assembled there,
With many a cheerful word and smile,
Thy swift-wing'd vesper hours beguile,
And gather round in rich array,
To greet thee on thy natal day.

I may not speak the greeting word,
My voice among them not be heard ;
I may not watch thy sparkling eye,
Nor drink thy murmuring melody ;
But none would greet thee more sincere,
And none will prize thy worth more dear
Of all who anxious strive to pay
This tribute to thy natal day.

A sterner lot is mine to bear—
Not sad, nor yet devoid of care.
Prompted, adventurous, to roam,
Leaving dear kindred, and sweet home,
Another land these feet may tread,
A milder sky be o'er me spread,
And duty call me far away,
Ere shall return thy natal day.

But each revolving year will bring
Long time to thee a brighter spring ;
Nor winter chill thy blooming pow'rs,
Nursed in affection's fondest bow'rs,
Till summer shall mature the mind,

Thus early cultured and refined,
And intellectual fruits display,
Each *autumn*, with thy *natal day*.

I would not ape the Laureat's task,
I may not wear the flatterer's mask ;
But, gentle lady, may'st thou live
Long in all bliss that earth can give,
Till soft as fades life's twilight even,
Regenerate, thou smile—in Heaven.
Thus ever will the minstrel pray
For blessings on thy natal day.
Fort Warren, Sept. 30, 1835.

For the Ladies' Pearl.

YOUTHFUL HOME.

She thought the isle that gave her birth,
The sweetest, wildest land on earth.

Hogg.

good —
No spot on earth appears so sunny, so
beautiful, romantic and enchanting, as
our youthful home. There is no other
around which gathers so much of the
poetry of life, to which are attached so
many endearing ties, as to the place
where we first opened our eyes upon na-
ture's beauties, and creation's loveliness ;
and first felt the warm, enrapturing kiss
of a mother's love. Especially do we
revert to childhood's hours and scenes
with almost hallowed feelings and over-
whelming emotions, if since youth's or
manhood's strength has been upon us, we
have wandered from that blessed spot,
been tossed on life's stormy heaving bil-
lows, met the cold, inquiring look of
strangers ; and experienced the world's
frozen charity. It is like the blooming,
fertile oasis in the burning, barren desert.
There, the purest and most angelic feel-
ings and passions of the human heart are
brought into exercise and cherished ; but
in the world, whilst we are wandering
among strangers, they are withered and
blasted, as the tender flower, by the
blighting mildew or untimely frost. If
there is any nook of earth to which my
thoughts wander with delight, and where
they revel in perpetual pleasures, as the

bee amid the vernal flowers, it is that place hallowed by a mother's love, blessed by a father's kindness, and lighted up by a sister's smile of affection. I had *once* such a home. Beneath my father's roof, humble though it was, my youth passed rapidly, joyfully away. But happiness, lasting and permanent, is not the part of man in this sublunary abode.—

The most happy groups, bound together by the strongest ties of love and friendship, must part. Different pursuits call some one way and some another; or perhaps sadder still, death, relentless death, as if envious that happiness should smile upon any, enters and tears away a loved object, leaving many sensitive hearts bleeding, so closely were they knit to the lost one. Such has been my fate. Before I left home to saunter through the academic grove, or tread the halls of science, death had sent his arrow, with sure and effectual aim, at him who was the head of our group; and he slept in peace beneath the green turf of our ancestral burial ground. Two years from the time I left, found me in the stage coach on the way to visit the scenes of my nativity.

I knew that my mother had gone since then, to a distant State, accompanied by my brother and sisters. I heard too that one loved sister, in the bloom of life and beauty, had been summoned away by consumption to a brighter world, as the blushing morning rose, whose stem is eaten by the worm, withers before the rising sun. All this I knew, yet it seemed like a feverish dream when the morning has dawned. The sun was nearing his occidental goal when the stage arrived at the little village, near the suburbs of which stood the humble mansion, once the dearest place to me on earth, and now only by its proximity, awakened emotions which were almost overpowering. Although business had been my chief object in visiting the vicinity, and now I had ridden all day in a crowded

coach, I could not think of stopping to rest, or even to take refreshment before I had gratified my eyes with a view of the scenes of my youthful joys and sports; though now the land was tilled by other hands, and the paternal roof echoed to the tread of strangers. It was a lovely evening; the zephyrs played sportively through the branches of the trees, raised a light ripple on the lake's peaceful bosom, and wantoned with my locks while they cooled my brow. The birds were sweetly singing, though their strains seemed to me rather plaintive. I left my baggage at the village inn, and sought the place where all my thoughts were fast centering. The first place that strongly attracted my attention was the grave yard, where sleep the ashes of my forefathers. Into this I entered, just as the sun was casting his farewell look upon the graves of those whom he had in life and vigor cheered with his beams.

Associations, hallowed and solemn, like "thick coming fancies," arose in my mind; and overcome with them, I leaned upon my father's tomb-stone, and poured forth prayers and burning tears; yet they were without bitterness, for I could sorrow as those who have hope. Departing thence, I arrived at my youthful home just as the shades of evening began to cast a slight gloom over it and the surrounding scenery, which served to heighten the already solemn and melancholy tone of my feelings. I soon discovered by some innovations, that the estate had passed into the hands of those well versed in the utilitarian philosophy of this utilitarian age. Some ornamental flowers and vines which had been planted and cherished by loved hands, had been rudely destroyed, or suffered to perish for want of care. As I passed through the wicket gate which led to the house, Faithful did not come out to meet me with a joyful bound, and not-to-be-mistaken expressions of welcome as was his

custom when I returned from school and other places in my youth. No mother was there to meet me with smiles, and imprint on my cheeks her kiss of love; no brother to welcome me from my wanderings; no sister to wipe the sweat from my brow, run her taper fingers thro' my curls, and twining her arms around my neck, in a manner, and with a tone known only to a sister, call me brother. Then I found the reality of what before seemed a dream, and the truth rushed upon my mind as convincing as a voice from eternity; and I said, "My friends where are they? and echo answered where!" I passed mournfully, and as a stranger through the rooms where I spent my childhood and youth. I marked the broad, ancient kitchen fire-place, around which I used to gather my associates, to crack nuts and parch corn in winter evenings, and called to mind the happy hours there spent in social glee; and how that often that room had rung to our merry peals of laughter, as some joke was passing round. But I could no longer endure the sight and the thoughts which were awakened; they were too sad; and leaving the house I went upon the green where I performed my infantile gambols, and sitting upon a stone I wept.

N.

Easton, Mass. July 29th, 1841.

From Graham's Magazine.

O, SAY, DO I NA' LO'E YE LASSIE?

O, say, do I na' lo'e ye lassie?

O, say, do I na' lo'e ye well?

Aye! mair than tongue can utter, lassie,

Or mair than tender looks can tell.

Ye're i' my dreams by night, my lassie,

An' ye are i' my thoughts by day,

An' ye're the beacon star, my lassie,

That guides me thro' life's troubled way.

I lo'e ye for those tresses, lassie,

That i' bright jetty masses flow;

I lo'e ye for that bosom, lassie,

As white an' fair as driven snow;

I lo'e ye for those cheeks, my lassie,

O' sweetest tinge o' rosy hue;

An' O, I lo'e ye, dearest lassie,

For those twa cannie een o' blue.

I lo'e ye for that form, my lassie,

Like to the deer's, sae fu' o' grace;

I lo'e ye for that smile, my lassie,

That plays across thy charming face.

But what I lo'e still more, my lassie,

Is that which is worth mair to gain:

It is the bonnie min', my lassie,

Which i' gude truth ye ca' your ain.

EMMA—THE BROKEN HEARTED.

William ——— was a young man of superior native talents. With few advantages of education, he had mastered the science of chemistry, and had delivered public lectures with success. He was also gifted with a peculiarly lovely disposition, attractive social qualities, and remarkable conversational powers. His salary was ample, his domestic relations were delightful, and his future prospects brilliant with hope.

His superior information and conversational tact drew around him a large circle of acquaintance. Their invitations drew him, at first occasionally, next frequently, and then habitually, from his own evening fireside. Those were days when the glass was circulated in the assemblage of friends. This custom was duly observed in the circles which he frequented. His own social qualities, and compliance with common civilities, induced him to partake of the enlivening beverage with moderation. But who is proof against the insidious power of temptation? It coiled itself in the bosom of the angels of light, and they fell. It insinuated itself into Eden, and our once holy progenitors sinned. So, ere this youth of talent and loveliness was aware of danger, the sad process of ruin, by which millions have been lost, had carried him far towards that fearful precipice where moderate drinking terminates in the gulf of hopeless intemperance.

The steps of the process need not here be repeated. Terrible as they are, familiarity has almost deprived them of interest. But who can tell the emotions of a refined and affectionate wife, when the terrible truth is forced on her knowledge that her husband is a drunkard. That

years of hopeless disappointment and shame are to take the place of glad scenes of domestic happiness, with which anticipation had crowded the future. Who can describe the scenes of anguish, the days of withering grief, the nights of sleepless woe, in that house, when the brilliant man, the affectionate husband, became the slave of intemperance.

His habits were followed by the inevitable consequences,—gradual loss of business—loss of respectability—loss of property—abandonment of friends—ruin of character—loss of self respect—and open, confirmed, street drunkenness. When this last stage of the dreadful, soul-destroying process was reached, the occasional sober moments of this infatuated man were seasons of intense wretchedness. He would throw himself at the feet of his wife, implore her forgiveness with tears of anguish, curse his own folly and weakness, and religiously resolve to abstain wholly from the accursed beverage. But it has been said by one, who having been once a drunkard, and had escaped as by fire, ‘that if there is in the universe, any pains worse than the torments of the damned, it is the unsatisfied cravings of the drunkard’s appetite.’ So this miserable man found it. When he passed the shops where the liquor was displayed for sale, the sight of it awakened and goaded these terrible cravings, and produced a species of phrenzy. He would madly rush in, and drink till conscience was stupified, and self respect destroyed. Or if sometimes able to resist temptation, his associates in intemperance would rush out to entice him to their haunts, when their mingled urgencies and sneers, with the sight and smell of the fatal draught would overpower his resolution, and he would return again to his cups ‘like a dog to his vomit.’

Sensible at length of his own weakness, goaded by shame and remorse, and influenced too by feelings alike honorable to his head and heart, he resolved to place himself beyond the reach of temptation. For this purpose he found a temperance ship, proceeding on a long voyage, and although unacquainted with the duties of a sailor, and unaccustomed to such hardships as a seaman’s life imposes, he procured employment before the mast. He was absent nineteen months, and endured much privation, but his object was accomplished. During that long period he tasted no liquor, and returned with his

appetite for strong drink, apparently extinct. Both he and his wife, were once more happy in each other’s love, and buoyant with the hope of many years yet to come, gladdened with all their former happiness.

For a few months, these hopes were realized. But in an evil hour, he met one of his former associates. Some refreshment was proposed but declined. It was urged but still declined. Argument and appeal to friendship were then tried, yet in vain. He seemed to have passed the crisis, and to be safe. But the tempter had one more resource. He went out, brought in some cider, and induced him, just by way of compliment, to put the glass to his lips. That single taste was like applying the match to gunpowder.—At once the dormant appetite sprang to life, in gigantic strength. He tasted again. Half crazed by the excitement, and his revived cravings, he drank deeper, and on that very day was drunk.—Shame and despair made him reckless.—That one taste hurled him back to the ruin of intoxication, in which he wallowed daily. Once more the fiend of intemperance entered his dwelling, and like Moloch, feasted on the anguish of broken hearts, and on the ruins of that domestic happiness which he had dashed in pieces. Such was the mysterious power which this vice had over him, through its physical effects on the stomach, that the sight of liquor destroyed his self control. With a perfect knowledge of the terrible consequences of the draught, yet as if driven on by some evil genius, he seized the cup and drank it.

Yet once more, this spell-bound victim to intemperance determined, if possible, to shake off this giant vice, whose terrible grasp had thrice torn him from happiness and home. He went voluntarily to some public institution in Rhode Island, where the inmates were subject to severe restraint, and put himself under its compulsory power, that walls and iron grates might be placed between him and ruin. For five months he remained in this asylum, without taking any alcoholic drink. Supposing his appetite to be subdued by this long abstinence, and by the bitter experience of past weakness and horror, he once more returned to society. He engaged in an honest but humble occupation with an express stipulation, that no temptations to intemperance should be placed before him. Though greatly

reduced in circumstances, yet he was happy, and he was happy because he was temperate. For many months his appetite was kept in subjection; his power of self control became more fixed; he hoped, and his trembling, fearing, but ever affectionate wife hoped that his chains were broken. He was poor, but sober and industrious. He was reduced, but his talents could again win their way to respect, and competency. The storm had been terrible, and had shattered their fair bark, but the clouds were scattered, the sun rose brightly, and hope again gladdened their hearts.

The laws, by express license, plant and protect on every corner, grog shops, those 'chambers of death.' The keepers spared no pains to ensnare him again. But without detailing the arts by which he was again enticed within their doors, it is sufficient to say that he entered. He fell. He fell lower than before. He was idle as well as intemperate. Anything within his power he would freely give to procure the means of allaying the insatiable thirst of his depraved appetite.—Books and furniture—small as was the supply for the necessities of his family, were carried to the grog shop and pawned for rum. On one occasion he stripped off his coat and pledged it for a dram, and went home, through a wintry storm, half naked and drunk. His wife, though in feeble health, was compelled to support both him and her children, by the product of her needle—often with her hard earnings, has she, to prevent nudity, redeemed articles of apparel which her own hands had furnished her husband, but which he had pledged for liquor at dram shops. How different from what he was, when intelligent and respectable, he first introduced his bride to his own pleasant home. It ought however to be stated, that although his habits occasioned the keenest distress to his family, yet his personal deportment was invariably kind. So far from being harsh and abusive, his conduct at home, was studiously affectionate, even at the worst stages of his course.

He came home one evening sober.—He sat down in silence, and looked around on his dwelling, always kept with neatness, but wearing sad indications of penury. 'Emma,' said he, can you forgive me? You ought to hate me. I would not bear with any one as you have borne with me.'

'O, William, I do forgive you. But, dear husband, will you not try once more to shake off this deadly habit? For me—for our children—for your soul's sake try.'

The wretched man sat bathed in tears. The thought of what he had been, contrasted with what he was, shook his frame convulsively. At length he said, 'I shall soon kill myself and you too in my present course, I will try, yet once more to be a man.'

The next day he went to the 'insane retreat,' stated his case to the superintendent, described the dreadful physical sufferings which hurried him on to the vice he loathed—together with the malicious enticements and persuasions of the sellers of rum, to overcome all his efforts at reformation; and earnestly begged admission into the confinement and restraints of the institution, that he might be kept from the presence of temptation. But the nature of the establishment forbade his reception. He then went voluntarily to the County Jail, and made an arrangement by which he should be locked up in its cells, and be subjected to all the labor and confinement of the prison. He was as anxious to extricate himself from the grasp of this vice, as he would be to shake off a viper. His wife paid for his board while there with her own scanty earnings; by his own request, he was detained there till his demon appetite seemed to be dispossessed, and he could venture once more to liberty and employment.

Soon after his release, he obtained some business. By a singular fatality, he was placed at work in the very house in which a grog-shop was kept, and the very shop whence he had formerly obtained his supplies of liquor. The keeper of the establishment soon perceived him, clothed, and in his right mind. Eyeing him, as the archangel ruined, gazed with mingled malice and envy on the bliss of paradise, he determined to entangle his victim once more in his toils. He addressed him with kindness, professed great pleasure at meeting him again, and invited him into the shop for old acquaintance sake.

'No, I've determined never more to taste it. In that cursed shop I've been ruined.'

'O ho, so you've turned cold water man, and signed the pledge. I wouldn't be such a fool as to acknowledge that I couldn't take care of myself. You'll set

up for a reformed drunkard now, and make speeches, heh?

'No, I've taken no pledge, but I have promised my wife that I would take no more.'

'Ah, under petticoat government! afraid of your wife! Well, well, I'm master in my own house by ———. I should like to see the woman that dared hen peck me in that way. Why, ———, you used to be something of a man, but this cold water system has made a fool of you. Your wife had better put a bonnet on you.'

'No, no; but I have almost broken her heart already. I'll not touch your poison.'

'Broken her heart! nonsense; that's the way they talk when they wish to carry their points. You're afraid. You dare not take a glass, for fear of your wife.— Come, I'll test you.'

The tempter went out and soon returned with some liquor. With a tact worthy of an older fiend, he placed the cup where he could not avoid the sight nor smell of it. 'There, I don't believe you dare touch that glass. I'll take a sip. I can take care of myself and make my wife keep her place.' The seller began to drink. His victim looked; he could not avoid the smell. The seller ridiculed him, taunted him, defied him. The poor man thought he would taste to get rid of his tormentor, or to show his power of self-control. But the sequel to that single taste may easily be imagined. He spent the rest of the day in the grog-shop; and went home in the evening, drunk.— With this relapse, despair seemed to take possession of him. He appeared to court destruction; made no attempt to labor—made no exertion except to obtain liquor—spent nearly all his time in grog-shops—and was employed by the keepers in menial services, for which they paid him in rum. His history during this period, would be but the trite, yet terrible narrative of a drunkard's misery and degradation.

Yet occasionally, his better feelings would gain the mastery. 'Emma,' said he, one evening, 'I shall soon kill myself in this course. I cannot endure this misery. Will you, can you help me, if I will attempt to reform?'

'Certainly.'

'I will then shut myself up in that room, and not leave it, till I have got over this dreadful appetite which possesses me like a demon.'

He made the trial. But for several

days his sufferings were excruciating.— His shattered nerves, his gnawing, tormenting thirst—the bitter and maddening thoughts of his own mind, filled him with agony. Yet determined to gain the victory, he kept his room, and even with his own hand stuffed the bed-clothes in his mouth, to stifle his own groans and shrieks. He persevered, till his partial delirium disappeared, his healthful appetite returned, and he ventured forth. But the harpies of the grog-shop, as if guided and aided by the father of all evil, dogged his footsteps: they flattered him, cajoled him, taunted him, and pointed at him.— In short, within a brief period, he was again drunk. 'I can't help it, I'm lost,' was his despairing exclamation; he gave himself up to inebriation, total, habitual inebriation.

His wife went to one of these haunts, where his time was mostly spent, and finding him there, she appealed in his presence to the keeper of the shop.— 'You know that what you sell to that unhappy man is destroying him. It is destroying me also, and my family. My health is failing under the grief and toil which his intemperance lays upon me.— O, have mercy on him, on me, and my children.' The ruined husband sat bathed in tears, yet spell bound. He seemed as unable to extricate himself from the terrible grasp of vice, as to struggle with a fever, or throw off the plague. But the relentless dealer gazed on his degradation, and his wife's tears unmoved. He only replied, '———, you shall have just as much liquor in my shop, as you will pay for.'

The desponding wife made another effort. She took her little son with her, and went to several similar establishments frequented by her husband; she explained to the dealers his situation; told the story of her sufferings, and besought them with such tears as one in her situation only could shed, to furnish him no longer with the means of destruction. Some laughed at her, others insulted her, and all continued to supply him with liquor. They went further; they jeered at him for silly submission to his wife; and even enticed him to drink the more by ridiculing his fears of petticoat government.

Yet again and again, many times did this unhappy man, during the last summer of his life make efforts at self-reformation. He would shut himself in his

room, and for a week endure the unspeakable horrors of partial delirium, unsatisfied cravings, torturing remorse, and conscious guilt. When thus voluntarily confined at home, in these solitary struggles to overcome his formidable appetite, the dealers in liquor, would call under the pretence of friendship to inquire for his health. He begged his wife not to allow them to enter the door. 'Turn them out, turn them out,' he cried, if he heard their footsteps. Yet when able to go abroad, they would again contrive to drag him into their toils and send him home drunk.

He made at length, his last effort at reformation. He went to a physician, stated his case, and begged to know if any thing could be done for him.

'Only undertake my case, I will take any thing, do any thing you may direct; you may confine, or do any thing you choose with me; only deliver me from this horrible appetite. I dread the commission of suicide, yet I had rather die than live in this state any longer. There is such intense, and unutterable torment in my stomach, that while I am at liberty, if I knew that the glass that I put to my lips, would kill me in half an hour, I should drink it. Oh, sir, you do not know, no one can know, what I suffer. My deliverance is impossible so long as I remain where liquor is to be had.' Such was his pathetic appeal. But the physician soon ascertained that no means within his power could reach his case.

He then resolved to leave his old haunts; to break away from his acquaintance and tempters, and find some residence, if possible, where no intoxicating drinks were sold and given. While on his way to Enfield, to obtain a residence among the Quakers, he was providentially met by a gentleman who offered him a situation in a manufacturing establishment, where no liquor was sold.

The proposal was most joyfully accepted. Here at a distance from temptation, and among friends who seconded his good resolutions, he was industrious, sober, and happy. Hope returned to his heart. He began to feel once more, the long lost and elevating consciousness of manhood and morality. His home, so long the house of mourning, where 'tears had been their meat, day and night,' was once more lighted up with love, confidence and joy.

After a considerable interval he returned to Hartford, to attend to some business, and with a view of making ar-

rangements for removing his family to his new found home of sobriety and peace. But alas for the sequel; he passed that fatal spot where his old associates and tempters to sin were congregated. They saw him. Like vultures for their prey, they pounced upon him. They knew the dreadful secret of his weakness, and plied him skillfully. Again, and for the last time he fell. Awakening as from a terrible dream, fully aware of the extent of his ruin and degradation, half maddened by the stinging consciousness of his debasement, he met a constable, who upbraided him severely, and threatened him with confinement in the workhouse.

He resolved to live no longer. When he reached his dwelling he said to his wife, 'it is all over with me now. I have forfeited my place at S. and these taunts of a constable I cannot endure. I have met them for the last time.' He conversed with his wife and children in the most affecting manner. With tears he entreated their forgiveness for all his abuse of their love; he besought his wife not to remember him with hatred; he bade his children take warning by his sad history; and told them to love their mother, to obey her when they were young, and to support her in comfort when they grew up. His manner affected them all, and yet they supposed his conversation to be preparatory to his approaching departure on Monday.

After this interview he alluded to his fatigue, and went into another room for repose. He then swallowed two ounces of laudanum, which he had procured for the purpose, and threw himself upon the bed. One or two hours elapsed ere the deed was discovered. The remedies then applied were ineffectual. With his last consciousness he declared that he had rather meet his God than endure the life of horror and temptation from which no escape seemed possible for him but death. Before midnight he was a corpse.

On the morning after his death, one who had often sold him rum, called to see the lifeless remains of him whom his own hand had helped to slay. His heart-broken wife took him silently to the room where the body lay, and opening the door said, 'There is the victim of your trade. Behold the consequences of what you have done. You have murdered my husband as truly as you had stabbed him to the heart.' Conscience-stricken by the sight, the guilty man wept.

From Graham's Magazine.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

This book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations passed,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasped—
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearth—done used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In terms my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false, I found thee true,
My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

Vanity Rebuked.—Cræsus, king of Lydia, who felt presumptuously proud on account of his power and riches, had dressed himself one day in his utmost splendor of apparel and royal ornament, and, seating himself on his throne, exhibited his person to Solon, as comprehending within itself the sum and substance of all worldly glory. "Have you ever beheld," said he to the Grecian sage, "a spectacle more august?" "I have," was the answer: "there is neither a pheasant in our fields, nor a peacock in our court yard, nor a cock on a dunghill, that does not surpass you in glory."

From the Northern Light.

THE TEST OF FRIENDSHIP.

A SHORT AND TRUE STORY.

"The hand that wiped away the tear of want,
The heart that melted at another's woe,
Were his, and blessings followed him."

David Wentworth had the kindest of hearts. There was neither mete nor bound to his benevolence, except inability. And happy were any man who had a title of the prayers that were offered up for the welfare of my friend, by the unfortunate and wretched whom his hand had relieved.

I speak of prayers—for it was the only reward he obtained; I mean here—but I forgot.

David was paying attention to an excellent young lady of his native city.—She was wealthy, beautiful and accomplished, and consequently had many suitors. Among them were richer, and nobler (in extraction I mean) and handsomer men than David, but *unimportante*, there was a kind of frank heartedness about my friend, that could not fail to carry him somewhere near the heart of his mistress, even if an emperor had been his rival.

The young lady hit upon a project to put the characters of her lovers to a test. She had come across a poor widow with a family in distress, in one of her benevolent excursions, and the idea occurred to her that it would be a good opportunity to ascertain the stuff her lovers' hearts were made of. Letters were forthwith indited, setting forth the good woman's tale and forwarded to the different gentlemen in the widow's name, requesting an answer and assistance.

The first reply was a lecture on idleness and begging, and concluded with the information that the writer was not accustomed to give to those he did not know. This was from ten thousand dollars a year. The second advised her to apply to some of the benevolent societies whose business it was to relieve those who are truly in want. This from one who had a great reputation for benevolence—who had taken part in several charitable associations, and whose pharisaical liberality had been blazoned in the Gazette. The lady thought, that interested as she was in the success of these institutions, he displayed a very commendable reluctance about taking it out of their hands. A third from a good hearted and generous kind of fellow—en-

closed a five dollar bill with his compliments. Several took no notice of the good woman's petition. But there was another answer which the lady read with far different feelings. It was from David—from \$800 a year—and I need not say, like himself, kind and consoling. It spoke of the writer's narrow means, the rule he adopted, of never giving unless persuaded of the object, and concluded by requesting an interview. 'If,' said he, 'I find myself otherwise unable to afford the assistance you require, I trust I may be of service in interesting others in your behalf.'

Nor was this mere profession. For it was but a few weeks before the poor widow found herself comfortably located, and engaged in a thriving little business, commenced by the recommendation and carried on by the aid of my friend. And all this was done in genuine Scripture style. There was no sounding of trumpets—and the right hand knew not the doings of the left. But his lady love was a silent observer of his conduct, and he received many a kind glance from that quarter, of which he little suspected the cause. She began to think that the homage of a spirit like his was not a thing to be despised; and she felt something very much like a palpitation of the heart, as she questioned herself respecting his intentions.

Such was the train of thought which was one evening, as is often the case, interrupted by the person who had been its cause. Hour after hour passed by that night and he still lingered. He could not tear himself away. 'She is a most fascinating creature,' thought he, and good as she is beautiful. Can she ever be mine? And a cloud passed over his features and he sat for a moment in silence. 'This suspense must be ended,' he at length thought. He started as the clock told eleven.

'You will certainly think me insufferably tedious,' said he with a faint smile, 'but I have been so pleasantly engaged as to take no note of time. And the sin of this trespass on the rules of good breeding must lie at your door. Besides I have lengthened this visit,' he continued, after a pause, 'under the apprehension that as it has been the happiest, it might also be the last, it shall ever be my fortune to enjoy with Miss H.'

The lady looked at him with some surprise.

'Nay,' said he, the matter rests with yourself. Will you forgive my presumption? I know that others, perhaps more worthy of you, at least nobler and wealthier and higher in the world's esteem, are striving for the honor of your hand.—And yet I cannot restrain myself from making an avowal, which, though it may be futile, it is yet but a deserved tribute to your worth.' And he popped the question.

The lady did not swoon nor turn pale, but a flush of gratification passed over her face, and lighted her eye for a moment.

She frankly gave him her hand and looked up archly in his face. 'The friend of the fatherless and the widow,' said she (David blushed) 'cannot fail to make a constant lover and a worthy husband.'

For the Ladies' Pearl.

FORTUNE'S SMILE AND FROWN.

'Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face.'

In 'a valley between the hills,' in our own Columbia, there was a dwelling unblemished by the 'hypocrisy of paint,' yet so neat, that the traveller, seeing the good old fashioned well, with its pole swinging 'to and fro' in space, near the road, would alight from his carriage, saying, here we shall have a clean 'bowl,' filled with 'prote oxide of hydrogen,' (as the scientific express it) to quench our thirst.

One warm afternoon in July, as the inhabitants of this wood colored building were regaling themselves in the shade of the trees, which ornamented the road for some distance, 'strains of music fell upon their ears,' they looked in the direction from whence those 'sweet sounds' came, and saw a young gentleman walking slowly toward them, 'neath the umbrageous trees. He saw them, and dropped his flute by his side, for he was not aware that a dwelling was so near, and asked the distance to Portsmouth, saying he had an uncle who resided near the old church in ——— street. Mrs Emery informed

him, and continued, I was acquainted with Dr. Mentreville's family in my 'happier days,' or rather before the decease of my husband we lived in the adjoining building. Ah, thought she, who can he be? I have never seen one of their relatives who resembled this 'youth' before me. She gave him a seat, and little Emma ran to fetch another chair, and La Fayette to bring a glass, as 'the student' wished to quaff some of the drink 'all others excelling,' for, says Charles Lee, the stage left me while I was 'acting the curious' in a village where they stopped a few moments: however, I did not mourn, as I now could view the country and see human nature a day. After chatting on various topics, 'the widow' Mrs Emery said, will you favor us with a few tunes on that little instrument? I love the tones of a well-played flute! He performed some of the fashionable pieces, and while playing a 'waltz,' the 'little son,' La Fayette, had crept closer and closer to his chair, now took his arm, and looking into 'the stranger's' face, with artless simplicity said, Aint that 'Topenhaden waltz' (Copenhagen)?—Caroline used to play that upon the piano before the 'naughty men' put my father into the ground. The child was overcome by his thoughts, and burst into tears. Mr Lee's curiosity was excited, for all seemed so happy when he came, as though nought had ever saddened their brows, and he enquired how long since 'the men' put his father in the cold grave? 'Twas last summer, answered La Fayette, and my rocking horse, and all our 'pretty things' were sold when we came here to live. He now became interested in their story, and said, bat do you not like to live here, where there are green trees and pretty flowers?—Here Mrs Emery interrupted them, saying, we must repair to the house, or we shall feel the effect of the 'damps of evening' on the morrow. Then giving 'our

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player' an invitation to tarry with them until morning, which was gratefully accepted because he was weary and wished to become acquainted with persons so prepossessing, they entered the house and found everything so neat, one might 'almost sigh for a particle of dust.' But where was 'little La Fayette' now? Ah, he had gone to meet his sister Caroline, whom he saw coming from 'a neighbor's' where she had called since school.—They entered, and the usual ceremonies were passed—tea was prepared—they had supplied the 'wants of nature'—Caroline took her embroidery, and all seemed like 'old friends.'

Mr Emery was a merchant in Portsmouth, and had died suddenly a year ago. By the dishonesty of his partner, 'the property' was mostly spent. Mrs Emery's only resource was to purchase, with the remainder, a small house in the country, and gain a livelihood by their own efforts. Caroline, the 'eldest child,' had received a thorough and accomplished education, was teaching the school in K—, and the hours at home were improved in teaching her sister Emma painting in the mornings, and evenings in embroidery, which she could sell 'at a high price.' 'Twas thus they lived, happy, until they were envied by all around them. Charles Lee now found Caroline 'all that was lovely,' and that whatever subject he could suggest, she displayed talent in every word that fell from her lips. He now related a history of his parents, and why they had not heard Dr. Mentreville's family mention them. After his mother had received an accomplished education, and had made her 'debut,' she was exceedingly fond of attending 'the theatre.' Her father resided in the 'emporium city'—she, receiving invitations, often attended; and 'so loved' to imitate an actress, that she could not be prevailed upon to abandon the idea of becoming a public actress, even at the expense of being dis-

owned and disinherited. For a few years she was a 'noted actress,' and her path was 'strown with flowers' without the aid of her relatives, whom she had thus left to 'please her fancy,' when my father, who had completed the study of law, and was seeking a pleasant village in which to establish himself, chanced to see and become acquainted with her in one of our 'southern cities.' Their affection was mutual, and she 'resigned all' for one who was

'So full of pleasing anecdote,
So rich, so gay, so piquent in his wit,
Time vanishes before him as he speaks.'

And ever since, they have lived in 'sweet felicity,' fondly hoping that she would some time meet her relatives once again as friends, and that they would pardon a few years of folly. It was her desire that Charles should be educated in New England, and Dr. Mentreville saw him at 'commencement,' and had invited him to visit them. Faster than time was wont to fly, sped the evening. It was late: they retired to partake of the bounties of Morpheus, who was ready to receive them, for they were weary with the labors of the day.

Morning came. Mr Lee arose, full of life and vigor. He found breakfast waiting, and his new acquaintance busy at their embroidery (they had deviated from their rule), and La Fayette with 'his toys in hand,' says, 'Good morning, Mr Music. I wish you would play to 'Cally' and us, for she is not painting, and it will not interrupt her. Do, Mr Flute,' he continued with all the eagerness of childhood.—Caroline blushed, and Mrs Emery said, we will first partake of the food I have prepared. Afterward Charles Lee proposed a walk. They all prepared to go, and turned in the direction of 'the school-house.' They entered this 'temple of science,' and during an hour it was a 'musical saloon.' They returned, for the stage was expected, and he must bid

adieu to this pleasant town, but not without saying he would call on his return.

In a few weeks a carriage drove to the door, and they recognized their former acquaintances, Dr. Mentreville's family, and Charles Lee. They knew not where Mrs Emery had gone until Charles told them of the pleasant family where he had spent the night on his way to P——. They determined to renew the acquaintance—an exception to the adage, 'Money makes friends.' The hours rolled on, the stage bore away Charles Lee, and the Mentreville family departed.

Years passed, and the two families visited each other often. Caroline had received her piano-forte, which a creditor had taken, yet often wondered what could have made him so generous, and would not have received it if a 'writing' had not been given her, purporting that it never could be taken from her.

After Charles had graduated, he came to Dr. Mentreville's to spend a few weeks to receive letters from him to his mother, but secretly thinking to see Caroline, the bright angel of his imagery. Yes, she was now the lovely young lady. She had instructed her sister in all the branches that she could attend at home, and Emma was anticipating spending the winter at a 'seminary' to complete her studies. Little La Fayette, now the boy of eight, had commenced Latin, and was really 'quite a scholar.' Charles spent a week at Mrs Emery's, but before he left for the 'warmer climes' of his home in North Carolina, he asked Caroline to correspond with him, and departed for Newbern. O, sad was the hour—but does not absence strengthen love?

Two years had swiftly fled, and Charles Lee was admitted to 'the bar,' and was soon to commence 'practising law;' but first he must visit New England, the centre of attraction to him. His letters had informed Caroline of his expected arrival to claim her as his own. She too, was

anxiously waiting, when later than usual, the stage drove to the door, and the 'driver' handed her a letter. It was Charles's handwriting—but where was he?—what could be the matter? With breathless haste she read:

K—, Aug. 6.

My Caroline: I cannot call you otherwise—you are dear to me, and ever will be, although they say you are soon to be wedded to another. I have read your last letter filled with sentiments of pure affection. It cannot be that one so good, so pure, so 'beautiful exceedingly,' can deceive!—O, my Caroline, if you assure me your heart is not another's, I will come to-morrow, and all will be well.

In haste, yours,

CHARLES M. LEE.

Caroline wrote a note, telling him those stories would perhaps, be explained. He came, and the mystery was dissolved. The coachman had asked him where he would stop. He answered, at Mrs Emery's. The 'loafers' who heard it could not bear the idea that so noble a young gentleman should go to visit Caroline, as they at once judged. Jealousy, caused by 'disappointed hopes,' told them to say she was to be married in a few weeks to Mr Phipps. Seeing Charles Lee's chagrin and astonishment, they went on, saying she had been engaged several years, while they knew he was only a friend, and being passionately fond of music, had called often. 'Tis sad that in many towns slanderous reports are circulated, till youth cannot in peace enjoy each other's society.

As there is an end to almost every thing, so there is an end to my tale. In a few weeks, Charles Lee's parents came to Mrs Emery's, to celebrate the nuptials of their 'beloved son' to Caroline Emery. The Mentreville family were present on the 'wedding day,' and 'great was the joy of that house' when Dr. Mentreville saw his absent sister, whom he had hated

for many years. Although for a few years he had been friendly, yet he had not seen her, and had never seen her husband: however, he had seen reports of his extraordinary talents in 'newspapers,' and supposed him to be worthy of his friendship and respect. In a few weeks a party arrived in New York, stopped at the 'splendid mansion of Mentreville,' where Dr. M. introduced to his father his sister, her husband, his nephew and wife. I would that pen could describe the scene—the forgiveness, the promises of future friendship, the tears, the caresses. The grandfather gave Charles a portion from his 'large property,' which he immediately transferred to Mrs Emery, that she might again live in P. and enjoy the society of her former friends, and that La Fayette might receive a 'liberal education,' that he too might shine among the wise men of the earth.

Sad it was now for Mrs Emery to be deprived of the society of her daughter Caroline, but Emma now 'tries' to supply the vacancy by imitating her sister.

Charles Lee is now in 'New England's metropolis.' You will see his office at No. —, — street, where by his honorable and wise council, he has gained the ascendancy, and is noted for his eloquence and depth of argument. He is happy, ever acting for his country's good—happy with his beloved Caroline enjoying the 'sweets of social life.'

One evening, when Charles and Caroline were visiting their mother, Mrs Emery, they were talking of their trials during a few years that had passed. They spoke of the kindness of some of the creditors, when Charles Lee was obliged to tell them he had paid them the money, and requested them to keep it secret.—O, it was you, 'dearest Charles,' that gave us the money to defray Emma's expenses while at the seminary—'twas you that sent us the piano. Ah, yes, it was you that increased our happiness 'tenfold.'

By this incident, the people in 'that valley among the hills' learned to 'attend to their own business,' and now K—— is awake to literature. The people attend church every Sabbath, and have become a happy, wealthy people—rightly concluding they would not 'pay too dear for the whistle.'

ROMANCEA W.

THE ASSAULT.

BY J. H. DANA.

It was the last morning of the assault. The sun had risen heavily across the eastern highlands, flinging his slant beams upon the enbattled armies of the cross, and disclosing, as the mists rolled upwards from the valley, mangonel, and tower, and battering-ram, and serried troops of warriors, drawn up in array before Jerusalem,—and now as the shout 'to the Holy City,' swelled out upon the air, and the priests, in sacerdotal robes, lifted up their chaunt again, the whole vast mass, as if by a simultaneous impulse, moved forward from their stations, and with lance, and shield, and banner, and shouts of triumph, and clashing of arms, marched on to the assault. All Europe was up. Prince and subject; noble and serf; layman and monk; the rich and the poor; the proud and the humble; old, young, and middle aged; stalwart men and feeble women; the knight in his armor, and the boor in his capote,—the bishop with his crozier, and the friar in his cowl; the halt, the deaf, the blind; all ranks and conditions of life swelled the gigantic host, which, gathering new accessions to its numbers in every land it traversed; had rolled on with threatening aspect over Palestine, carrying terror and desolation to the Saracens, until at length the mighty army was now arrayed before Jerusalem, burning to achieve the redemption of the sepulchre. Yes! Europe was there in arms, moved as one man, by one spirit. From hill and dale; from city and hamlet; from the castle of the noble and the cottage of the boor; from cloister, and forge, and plough, the sons of the church had gathered at her summons, fired with a lofty determination to avenge an insulted faith, and scourge back to the fastnesses from whence they came the sacrilegious followers of the crescent. There was the bluff Englishman, the fair-haired German, the tall gaunt Scot, the gay cavalier from Provence, the dark eyed son of Italy, and the wild and uncouth child of that green 'Erin,' of the ocean, lying on the utmost verge of civilization, and known only by vague rumor as the habitation of man. Ay! all these were

there—there, with spear, and sword, and cross-bow—there, in glittering casque, and homely jerkin—there, on proudly caparisoned steeds, or marching with soiled buskin humbly on foot. Soldiers of every garb, tongue, and nation; men who had been enemies but were now friends; warriors, who had hitherto lived only for rapine, joined in that wild shout, and with an enthusiasm they had never felt before, swept on the second time to the assault—and ever as they marched, in solid phalanx or open column, Frank, or Saxon, or Italian, they swelled out the cry, 'Ho! soldiers of the cross—on to the Holy City!'

And now the battle was joined. Foremost of all, in his lofty tower, stood Godfrey of Bouillon, cheering on the attack, and directing his unerring shafts against every one who appeared upon the walls; while beneath and around him, plying mangonel and battering-ram, or showering arrows on the foe, pressed on the humbler soldiers of the cross—ay! pressed on, although the missiles of the Saracens poured down like rain, and melted lead, and scalding water, and fire itself, fell thick and fast upon the host of the assailants. And still on they pressed, and though the ground was strewn with the dying, and every moment some new assailant fell, the gallant line of the Crusaders never swerved, but as fast as one went down another filled his place; and as the long hours of the morning passed away, and the Saracens maintained their walls, fighting with the desperation of men who were contending for their homes, the fearless assailers kept pressing on to the attack, determined to succeed in the assault or leave their bones to bleach before the walls. One universal enthusiasm pervaded the whole host. Old and young; peaceful monks and timid women; the sick, the halt, the dumb, came forth from the camp, bringing weapons for those who had spent their missiles, carrying water for the parched combatants, or cheering the dying in their last moments of mortal agony. And higher and higher mounted the sun, and sultry and more sultry grew the air, yet still the Saracens made good their walls, and when the exhausted soldiers were almost fainting from the fatigues of the day, the besieged made one more desperate rally, and, collecting all their strength for a last effort, they bore down upon the soldiers of the cross, and drove them, with terrific slaughter, from the walls. Back—back—back they fled, in wild dismay. In vain their leaders attempted to rally the worn-out soldiers; they themselves could scarcely support their frames, exhausted by their heavy armor and the stifling heat of noonday.—Further effort was hopeless. The despair

was general. A wild shout of exultation rung out from the walls, as the Saracens seized the image of a cross, spat upon it, and cast it, with insulting gestures, into the ditch. The taunt stung the assailants to the heart. At that instant a shining horseman, clad in armor brighter than the day, and waving on high a sword that shone with the brilliancy of the sun seven times brightened, was seen upon the Mount of Olives, beckoning to the discomposd assailants, and pointing onwards to the Holy Sepulchre; and as one after another of the wearied crusaders beheld the blessed vision, sighs, groans, and tears burst from the assembled thousands, and clashing their arms deliriously aloft, and waving their banners wildly to and fro upon the air, they cried out, 'Ho! soldiers of the cross—on to the Holy City!'

And on they swept. Horse and foot; archer and man-at-arms; wounded and unhurt; noble and retainer; Frank, Gaul, and German; the Saxon, and Tuscan; the old, the young, the middle aged; leader and follower; proud and humble; free and bond; on—on—on they pressed, as if a whirlwind had sent them reeling upon the foe, bearing every thing down before them, plying cross-bow and mangonel, hurling huge stones that crushed the foe like glass, and heaving battering-rams that shook the walls as if an earthquake was rolling by. Ay! on they pressed, for did not the archangel wave them to the onset? The foe shrank back amazed. Outwork, and doorpost, and palisade could offer no resistance to the enthusiasm of the Christians. Vain were the wildest efforts of the infidels to stay the progress of the assailing hosts;—vain were their adjurations to the prophet, their impious prayers for help, their insulting prostrations before high heaven. The hurricane that levels cities was not more desolating than the onslaught of the Christians. They dashed across the plain, they drove in the outposts, they crossed the ditch itself; and now the tower of Godfrey reached the walls—the bridge was let down—a rush was made, and a knight sprang on the battlements. Another, and another followed—the Saracens stood palsied—Godfrey, Baldwin, Bouillon rushed in—down went the sacrilegious infidels who opposed them—a wild conflict, beyond what the battle had yet seen, took place around the standard of the crescent; and lo! with a shout that men shall remember till the day of judgment, the impious ensign is hurled from the battlements, and the cross—the cross of Christ—floats wild and free above the towers of Jerusalem.—Then rose up the acclamations of thousands—then pealed the triumphal chaunts of priests—then quailed the Saracen with

fear in the remotest dens of that vast city. The day was won. The cross was avenged. Tancred and Robert of Normandy heard the triumphal shout, and burst open the furthestmost gates with sudden energy;—while Raimond of Toulouse scaled the walls upon the other side at the outcry, and shook the cross to the wind beyond the Holy Sepulchre. Down went the Saracens in street and lane, and open field, or wherever these unholy revilers of the church attempted to make their stand.—From house to house, and street to street, the indignant conquerors pursued the foe, until the thoroughfares were filled with blood, and the infidels lay slaughtered in heaps on every hand; and wherever the Christians followed up the flying wretches, in mansion or in mosque, they kept in memory the insult to the cross which they had witnessed but the hour before, and keeping it in memory, their arms never tired, nor their weapons slackened. It was a day over which for ages the Saracen women wept. The mosque of Omar floated with gore; the streets were slippery with blood; not a nook or corner gave safety to one of that accursed race; and when, at length, the Saracens rushed in wild despair to the temple of Soliman, even there the avenging Christians sought them out, and a thousand, ay! ten times a thousand impious revilers slaked the earth with their gore. And when the work was done, and that fearful insult was avenged; when the conquering army had time to think of the mighty deed they had achieved; when they remembered that within the walls where they now were, the Savior had been buried, a gush of holy tenderness swept over their souls,—old and young, noble and peasant, men, women, and children,—and with tears in their eyes, they cast aside their weapons, took off their sandals, and, rushing to the Holy Sepulchre, kissed the consecrated pavement, and washed the altar with their tears. And when twilight darkened over the city, the vespers of holy men went up to heaven, for the first time after the lapse of centuries, instead of the accursed Mezzuin's call. Night came down at length, and silence hung over the walls. The shrieks of the wounded; the groans of the dying; the crackling of burning habitations, and the impious revilings of the infidels had ceased: while not a sound broke the profound hush of midnight, except the faint gurgling of the brook of Kedron, and the low whispers of the night wind among the palaces of Jerusalem.—And a thousand stars looked brilliantly down from the calm blue sky, as if the angels, whose thrones they are, were shouting hallelujahs that the last day of the Saracen had passed.—*Graham's Mag.*

Editorial.

REMARKABLE DECISION OF CHARACTER.

How few would be the number of human errors if the mind faithfully followed the decisions of the *judgment*. Instead of doing this, *feeling* governs the great mass of intellects. Let any one analyze his mental operations after falling into a blunder, and he cannot fail of discovering, in most cases, that he fell by disregarding the silent, though deep, stern voice of his judgment.

In no case is it more necessary to yield implicit obedience to its voice, than in that of a young lady about to accept an offer of marriage from her suitor. Then she is about to secure or destroy all her future happiness on earth—to bind herself to bliss or bitter woe, and therefore it behooves her to let the Mentor of her soul—her better judgment—speak, *yea, and govern too*. Many a fair creature has perished untimely by allowing feeling to triumph here. A fair countenance, a well moulded form, or wealthy connections, have often enticed her to the marriage altar when reason cried, forbear!

These remarks are designed to introduce a fact worthy of imitation by every unmarried lady, and above all praise in the noble-minded girl concerned.

We will call our heroine Eliza. She had for some time received the attentions of a young man, whose early habits had been somewhat gay, though not vicious. When he proposed marriage, she questioned him on his use of ardent spirits. He acknowledged himself to be a temperate drinker. She told him she was determined to marry none but a total abstinence man. He promised to sign the temperance pledge; and though he did not, yet he afterwards assured her he had done it.

Upon this, the unsuspecting girl promised him her hand after a sufficient time should pass to demonstrate his adhesion to the supposed pledge. It passed, she thought him firm, and the wedding-day was appointed.

It came, the company had assembled, the reverend clergyman was there. The bridegroom supposing his prey safe, stepped into a restorator on his way to the festal scene, to take his favorite glass, and no doubt as he wiped his mouth, rejoiced that the hour of his emancipation was at length arrived. But, as the old proverb justly observes, There may be many a slip between the cup and the lip, the young man was disappointed. For as his bride stood beside him to plight her irrevocable vows, she detected the strong effluvia of the alcohol reeking from his tainted breath. After a mo-

ment's reflection, without offering a word of apology she left the room, followed by her alarmed mother and friends. Upon reaching her room she firmly declared her intention not to be married, stating that the man who could be guilty of deception and who drank spirits was not the man to whom she could entrust the keeping of her happiness. They foolishly endeavored to destroy her purpose, but in vain—she would not be married! The party broke up, the pseudo bridegroom slunk away, and the young lady rejoiced in the discovery that saved her from becoming (probably) a drunkard's wife.

To our young lady reader we observe, Go, miss, and do likewise.

A MOTHER'S DESOLATION. High are the swellings of a mother's heart as she views her children starting one after the other into the age and circumstances of manhood. All the pain and endurance of the past are forgotten in the rich flow of maternal feeling that dances through her full heart as she gazes on the fine forms of her stout, stalwart sons, or her fair and finely moulded daughters. Thought cannot conceive neither can poetry describe those feelings. They are among the richest, the purest, the most ennobling of human emotions.

Then how biting the contrast! Let death enter her family and set his pale seal on its loveliest treasure. Let him breathe with chilly breath on that matron's plants so that they wither like the frost-seared leaf at the close of summer tide! O how inexpressibly keen are her sorrowful emotions. How silently she bends under the stroke! How deep is the incurable wound! Tearless though she be, a festering is gathering at her heart-core, whose raging inflammation and sharp gnawings none can check. She is doomed to sorrow and solitude for the balance of life, and all her hopes lie centered in futurity. The past is only a fearful blank. She refuses to be comforted. Comfort indeed! Who shall comfort a stricken mother? Nay, she spurns it, and sitting down in the weeds of her grief, she thus breathes her sorrow to the winds:

"Mine home is but a blackened heap,

In the midst of a lonesome wild; [keep,
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch
Where human faces smiled.

I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,

And I worked for their infancy;

But when like a child in mine own old age,
There are none to work for me."

O, THE STEP OF MY LOVE.

A BALLAD.....COMPOSED BY I. T. PACKARD.

PIANO
FORTE.

O, the step of my love is more grace - ful and free Than the

The first system of musical notation for the ballad. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, key of D major (two sharps), and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics 'O, the step of my love is more grace - ful and free Than the' are written below the vocal line.

fawn on the mountain, the bird on the tree; Her voice is so winning, so

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'fawn on the mountain, the bird on the tree; Her voice is so winning, so'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and single notes.

gen - tle and sweet, That e - ven the nightingale may not compete! The

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'gen - tle and sweet, That e - ven the nightingale may not compete! The'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

sun's brightest ray seems to dart from her eye, The bloom of her cheek mocks the

p
ro-se's soft dye,— But beau-ty I heed not, while constant shall be The

heart she has fondly de - - vot - ed to me.

2. The high-born and proud may bind up their hair
 With pearls of rich value, to seem the more fair;
 But the ribbon of blue on the brow of my love,
 To me is more costly, is prized far above;
 For the gems that are rarest in her are combined;
 Fair truth on her lips, and sweet peace on her mind,
 Then I'll sigh not for fortune, while constant shall be
 The heart she hath fondly devoted to me.